

MY LIFE ON TRIAL
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

MARION GARLAND DAVIS CLEGG

JANUARY 1983

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A BRIEF REVIEW OF MY ANCESTORS

Lillian May Thomas Davis was a long name for my little, five-foot mother, so she dropped the 'Thomas' after she married John McClellan Davis, a handsome six-foot, two-inch tall Pennsylvanian. About eighteen months later my sister Emma was born, and Mother needed a rocking chair. It was not easy to find one low enough for her feet to reach the floor, so my parents shopped until they found one the right size. It had a pretty oak frame and rockers, while the back and seat were made of wicker.

When my parents moved from Provo to Mercur, Utah, they had all their furniture packed into one train car. Emma was not happy in the noisy train. To pacify her, Mother suggested that they get her rocking chair out of the storage car and put it out on the wooden railroad platforms whenever the train stopped, which it did several times on the run. So, at each stop, Father carried the chair out and Mother rocked Emma.

When Emma was two years old, she wandered away from home. As soon as Mother missed her, a great search began. A half hour passed and no one had seen her. The whole town of Mercur turned out to search. Finally a man whispered in Father's ear that someone had found her under an irrigation bridge, and they all feared she was dead. A doctor was forcing water out of her lungs. Father got Mother, who was expecting a new baby soon, and walked her briskly around and around the block fearing she would learn the dreadful news if neighbors could find her home. Finally word came to them that Emma had been saved. My grandmother told me once that Emma had been such a happy, friendly, little tot before her accident. But after her near-drowning experience, she was very quiet and no longer wanted to play with the other children, and she grew very nervous and liked to be alone.

Soon afterwards, the Davis family moved to Salt Lake City where they bought a nice red-brick house on "K" Street. It had a large living room with big bay windows and a marble fireplace. Mother chose a green carpet and couch for this room and solid oak furniture plus a piano and two organs. As the years passed, four more babies arrived: Anna, Frank, Grace, and then me.

From my grandmother I learned some of my family's history. Lemuel Davis was born in 1780 in Pennsylvania. He married Margaret Elliott, who was born in 1790 and died in Rockland Venango, Pa. on August 10, 1860. Lemuel Davis died on Nov. 20, 1856.

William Davis, my grandfather, was born Dec. 1, 1815 in Butler County, Pa. He married Sarah Jane McClellan, born May 25, 1821 in Rockland, Pa. She died November 8, 1883 in Rockland. She and her husband reared a family of twelve children on a large farm. One of her sons, John McClellan Davis, was my father. He became a mining engineer and oil well pusher. When my sister Anna visited some of his family in Pennsylvania about 1970, they took her to view the last oil well my father brought in. It was still producing oil.

My father had a daughter named Daisy, whom he adored, but his wife Anna, Daisy's mother, proved to be unfaithful to him and he divorced her. I never saw Daisy because she died at age eight and is buried in the family plot. My father's uncle, Colonel Elisha W. Davis, was made overseer of the Indian Reservation near Vernal, Utah. He wrote to his nephews in Pennsylvania and advised them to move to

Utah where the mining industry was beginning to flourish. My father and his younger brother, Elisha, moved to Utah. Uncle 'Lish settled in Vernal, married a lovely lady named Lydia Black, and they reared a fine family. Uncle 'Lish owned a hotel and a hardware store there and served as mayor in about 1901.

I only saw Uncle 'Lish once when he came to Salt Lake City and took my mother and her five children to see an exciting play. We liked it so much that he took us all again for the next two evenings. The singing and dancing charmed my sister Grace as much as it did me, and we memorized some of the songs. We often climbed on the high board fence in our backyard and sang, "Tommy Atkins Was a Military Man" at the top of our lungs. One of our neighbors told my mother that Grace had a very fine voice. She discreetly made no comment about my voice, and I was quite offended. But she knew good music when she heard it, which was not the case with me—I specialized in volume.

My oldest sister, Emma, had a really beautiful singing voice, and had taken vocal lessons. Later on she sang each Christmas season in the beautiful oratorio, "The Messiah." I loved to hear her sing around home. Anna seldom sang, and I learned to follow her example, but Frank made the rafters ring every time he took a bath. He always locked himself in the bathroom and probably mistook some of our poundings on the door for an encore because nothing could stop him. Even with my "tin ear" I usually enjoyed his solos.

My mother was born April 10, 1867 in Salt Lake City. Her mother, Annie Chunn, was born at Ogborne, St. George, Wiltshire, England 3 Dec. 1837 and died Feb. 22, 1908 in Salt Lake City and is buried in Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

Grandmother had three husbands: Charles John Thomas, William Garland Thomas, his brother, and John S. Reynolds. By the first husband, she had three daughters, including my Aunt Annie Piercy. Because of polygamy and the physical cruelty of her first husband, grandmother divorced him. I once heard that Charles sent a friend of his to persuade grandmother to let their children go to St. George where he was living, because he said the children's grandfather was very ill and wanted to see his grandchildren before he died. The stranger swore on my grandmother's Bible that he would return her children within two weeks, but he never did. They remained with their father until they were grown. When Aunt Annie Piercy married, she and her husband found a big house only three blocks away from ours. She took great delight in being reunited with the mother she loved. One day when Aunt Annie was quite old, my sister Anna and I went to see her. She told us a few things about her life in St. George and the abuse she and her sister often suffered. But her marriage was a happy one, and she had one daughter and two sons. Her youngest son, Knowles Piercy, was chief of the Salt Lake Fire Department for a long time, then went into politics. His funeral was held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle.

Grandma enjoyed a few years of great happiness with her husband, William, whom she had met in London. He was born Nov. 18, 1836 at New Castle on Tyne, Northumberland, England (a year before the English people began to keep birth records, I found out when I was in England). They had wanted to marry in England, but Charles asked her father to "encourage" her to choose him for her husband rather than his brother. Having always obeyed her father, she reluctantly accepted Charles' offer of marriage and lived to regret it. Upon learning of their divorce, however, William, who was in California at the time, returned to Salt Lake and soon married my grandmother. They had four children: my mother, Uncle William, and two little girls, Josephine Rose and Henrietta Maud who died in infancy. They had planned on naming their last baby Isabelle until they overheard my mother calling her "dear little Belly-Belly." Overnight they chose "Maud" instead. William was killed in a snowslide in Big Cottonwood Canyon, when he and two other men went looking at some mining property. His body was not found for

three weeks, and some people suspected foul play. He was buried in the Salt Lake City Cemetery. Unlike Charles, William never joined the L.D.S. Church.

After several years of taking in sewing to support her young family, grandmother married an older man, John S. Reynolds. One reason she married him was because he had a job, which he promptly quit when he married, so grandmother still had to support the family. They had one daughter, Ethel Maud Reynolds, who died when she was seven. Mr. Reynolds showed extreme favoritism of this daughter over grandmother's other children. When Grandpa Reynolds died, Uncle Will built a three-room addition on the rear of our house, and he moved into it with my grandmother.

Uncle Will had fought under Teddy Roosevelt in the Philippines when he was young. He loved his general and told us great stories about his experiences "in the islands." He gave Roosevelt a lot of credit for shortening the war. Somehow, Roosevelt learned that the Philippines were superstitious about harming white horses. They were as sacred to the islanders as the white cows have long been in India. Roosevelt immediately sent home to America a plea to send him all the able-bodied white horses that could be found. Soon Uncle Will and the rest of the cavalry were mounted on big white horses and the enemies fled before them and quickly surrendered.

But there was one leader of a renegade gang under the leadership of a native named Aguinaldo who had a hideout in a great swamp. The cavalry was sent to capture him and his outlaws who refused to stop fighting after the armistice. They rode into a swamp and found Aguinaldo's "castle," a big house built on stilts over the swamp. It was deserted when they arrived, so their captain sent them into the castle to loot it and then they destroyed it. Uncle Will brought home a beautiful white ostrich feather fan and an awful-looking figure of a man carved out of ivory. It was yellowish brown, had tiny arms and legs fastened to its body with wires. It was a really ugly little doll we always thought, and no one wanted to play with it. Its yellow and brown skin was full of hundreds of cracks as though it might be very old. It was not until years later that my mother took the little figure from the locked drawer where she kept it with the ostrich-feather fan and the five embroidered silk handkerchieves that Uncle Will had brought home to our family. She showed it to a man who had lived in the Philippines for many years, working for our government. He held it up and pronounced it, "Beautiful!" I could scarcely believe my ears. He went on to tell us that it represented a god of the Philippines, a very powerful god.

"It is very unique and very precious," the guest stated.

Mother kept it locked up as long as she lived, and I think Grace must have given it to Uncle Will along with all the letters he had written to his mother and my mother when he was at war. He soon became disabled after my mother died and went to the Old Soldiers' Home in California, where he lived a few years. He was happy there in the company of some of his war-time comrades.

A short time ago, my son John's wife Helen, a diligent genealogy researcher for our family, turned up some really exciting facts. I always thought that all my known ancestors came from the British Isles. But by going farther back into history Helen has found that my grandmother Thomas' ancient relatives include William the Conqueror, his son King John of England, a queen of Normandy, and Thomas de Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, Edward I King of England, Henry III, King of England and Isabelle, Queen of England in 1180 and thus royalty of Denmark, Sweden, France, and all of Europe.

JOHN MCCLELLAN DAVIS, MY FATHER



MY MOTHER

LILLIAN MAY THOMAS DAVIS,



was surely a big improvement over having to run out to the far end of our big back yard in the dead-of-winter, through deep snow! Some people became brave enough to follow our example when they saw that none of us died due to the big risk! All my young life I heard stories about the good times our family had when Father was alive. Everyone loved to tell me about the trips they took, the picnics they had, sometimes going as far away as Provo Canyon! I wished with all my heart that I had been born sooner and had known my father as my brother and sisters had known him.

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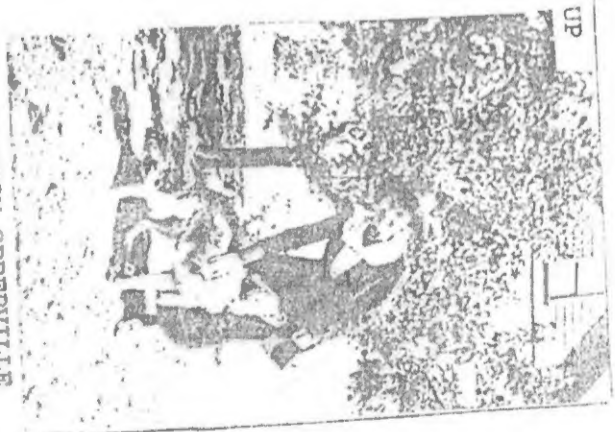
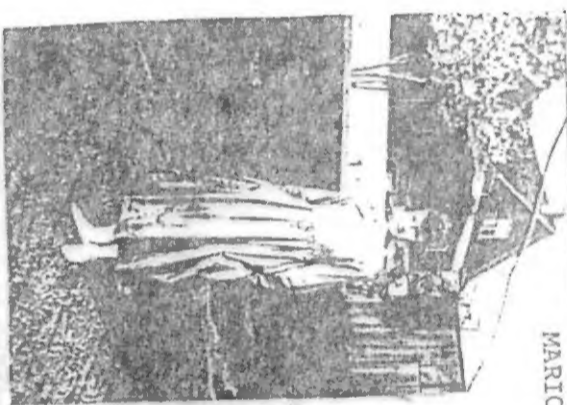
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paper. The teacher returned as we were passing and we were very tired. She told us that the principal had telephoned Goldie's mother and the principal thought she would be all right now.

One more question went up on the board before the dismissal bell rang. Our teacher informed us that this test was important since it had to be sent to the Superintendent's office for corrections of answers. So, she kept us in school until the last one of us finished answering the last question in the test. No one could leave until all had handed their papers in. The principal was seated in the hall to insure that order. We brought Goldie her gifts the next day, but we did not let her faint any more. It was too scary, we decided, and didn't prevent the test anyway.

MARION GARLAND DAVIS GROWING UP



GRADE SCHOOL

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

HOME FROM ORDERVILLE

"Well, tell him that if you HAVE to! You'll be sorry if you don't get out of here right now and go and talk to him!"

So, I forced my feet to take every single step of the two blocks to where the "great man" was, and then hesitated to ring the door bell.

"He'll think I'm a "pushy fool!" I told myself. "But I can't go home without seeing him!"

The big dining room was full of people, most of whom I knew by name only. They all rushed toward me to shake hands and make me feel welcome. Then they settled in their chairs and were quiet while Brother Meeks asked me a few general questions about my home and life. After I had answered his questions, he arose and led me into the deserted parlor, where he probed a bit further into my life. He offered me the best chair in the room and stood behind it with his hands on my head.

This is the blessing he gave me, and I have treasured it all my life. Every so often I read it over and over, and a great feeling of gratitude flows over me when I remember how wise, how gracious, and how kind he was to me.

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING

Orderville, Utah

January 15, 1920

A blessing given by Heber J. Meeks, Patriarch, upon the head of Marion Garland Davis, daughter of John McClellan and Lillian May (Thomas) Davis, born December 6, 1898, at Salt Lake City, Utah.

Sister Davis, according to thy request I lay my hands upon thy head and in the authority of the holy priesthood in me vested give unto thee a patriarchal blessing, which, if thou art faithful in keeping the commandments of the Lord shall be a guide and comfort unto thee thru life. Thou art of the house of Israel, a chosen spirit endowed with gifts and talents which it is thy privilege to use for the blessing and uplift of thy fellows. Thy lineage is thru Ephraim and it is thy privilege, thru receiving the gospel, to enjoy all the privileges, gifts, and graces promised to the faithful of thy sex thru the new and everlasting covenant. The loyalty of thy spirit was proven in the pre-existent state, its integrity merited for thee an existence on this earth to receive an experience which shall qualify thee for a greater and nobler life in the world to come. Ye are entitled to the promptings of the holy spirit of promise which will be, as it were, a monitor in thy heart. It shall prompt thee when evil presents itself and shall admonish thee not to yield unto temptation. It shall also bear witness of the truths of the everlasting gospel. Thy life is precious in the sight of the Lord. He has endowed thee with womanly tastes, gifts, and graces, and the refined and beautiful appeal unto thy senses and thy life shall be sweet before the Lord. Therefore, many shall be attracted unto thee and thru thy teaching and example many shall be led to desire the nobler and better things in life. The mother instinct is strong within thee, it shall manifest itself in due time and thou wilt be privileged to bear children and rear them up under thy teachings to be useful among thy people. Their hearts shall be inclined unto the Lord and they shall live to honor thy name and care for thee in thine old

age. If ye desire with a perfect heart to fulfill thy mission in life, the Lord will bless thee in body and mind and qualify thee for thy life's work. He shall so hedge thee about by His spirit and power that the adversary shall not have power to thwart thee in thy righteous purposes but thou shalt live to do good and triumph over the sins of this world. It is also thy privilege to enjoy the pleasures of a good home. Thy door shall be open to friend and stranger, the weary shall be sheltered under thy roof. Thou shalt also visit the poor, sick, and needy, and comfort the hearts of those in sorrow. Thy labors and sacrifices shall be abundantly rewarded. Thy name shall be had in honorable remembrance among thy people and shall be handed down in honor and love thru thy posterity from generation to generation. If ye receive the gospel, thru the purity of thy life thou shalt be privileged to enter the holy temples of the Lord, receive blessings and endowments for thyself and for many of thy dead kindred. Thru the exercise of thy privileges thy faith shall grow strong. It will be given thee to see and understand most clearly the plan of life and salvation. Let Satan rage and assail thee, thou shalt not be over-come and shall live to see thy kindred and friends follow thee and together ye shall serve the Lord.

These are thy privileges thru obedience to the commandments of the Lord and I seal them upon thy head in the name of Jesus Christ. I seal thee up unto eternal life to come forth in the resurrection of the just, triumphant over the sins of this life. Even so. Amen.

(Signed)
Heber J. Meeks

We teachers had to make our own amusements if we had any, so we sometimes had candy-pulls and potluck parties, but mostly we sat in front of a fireplace and talked.

A handsome young man named Terrance who had lived in Orderville all his life except for a few years of college and for time spent serving on a mission in the eastern United States, returned to his home before Christmas. There was a vacancy in the teaching staff, so he filled it. He had gone to the Brigham Young University in Provo where he met a girl from Arizona. They became engaged and planned to be married as soon as the school closed.

He formed the habit of coming down to our home every evening he could. After awhile the older ones would go to bed and leave us alone. At first I did not want to spend so much time with him, and then one evening after a dance he held me close outside our door and kissed me for the first time. He was shaking like a leaf in a hard wind, and I was shaking too when that first good-night kiss ended. It changed everything. I wondered what in the world had happened to me, to feel all those conflicting emotions one after another. But that did it! He was at our home every available evening afterwards, but I would not let him kiss me again. Once he said, "You can't even imagine how I feel about you! Every noon hour I stand at our front window and watch you going to Esplin's for dinner. My mother thinks I'm crazy! I want to dash out across the road and grab you in my arms and never let you go!"

"Well," I said, "You are going to have to get hold of yourself if you want to marry your sweetheart in Arizona!"

"I've written to her asking her to release me from my promise to marry her.

prayers--testimonies that He is a great, loving Spirit--Father to all of us. At last humility was mine, and with it came gratitude and a clearer understanding of what this life is all about. I suppose when people now say they are "born again" they are feeling like I was feeling. How could I have been so blind for so long? Going without so many things I had always longed for, had just about warped my life. Now I began counting my blessings every night before I said my prayers and climbing into bed with the sure knowledge that His love was protecting me.



MARION GARLAND DAVIS, 1919

excellent one.

We traveled in a caravan of cars a little later in the day, going from the University to conquer one of the higher mountains in Utah. There was quite a large group of students, all with sleeping gear and food enough for two whole days in case we should need to stay that long.

Several horses were loaded with all we had brought, and three men started with the horses up a steep canyon road beside a stream. It was hot for awhile, then the rain began to fall. When we were all thoroughly soaked, a cloud burst hit us. Some of us ran to trees for shelter; others spread out seeking the group of students they had planned to stay with. Small groups grew larger as they picked up "strays" at most bends in the trail.

We had the leader of the expedition with us. He was very nice to all of us and very disturbed to learn the horses and food would be too far ahead of us to be reached before nightfall.

After the rain had soaked us, the sun shone for about half an hour before it set for the night. We were lucky to have the leader with us. He had matches, but no lantern. Just a few minutes before the sun set a loaf of bread came bouncing on the waves in the stream. One of our party waded out and caught it. That was our supper. We had no shelter. We had reached the place where the horses had crossed the stream.

The party below us on the road was a little larger than ours. One of their number heard one of ours call to Anna about something. He picked up the name and used it all night long.

"Oh, Anna, how are you, dear?" he called.

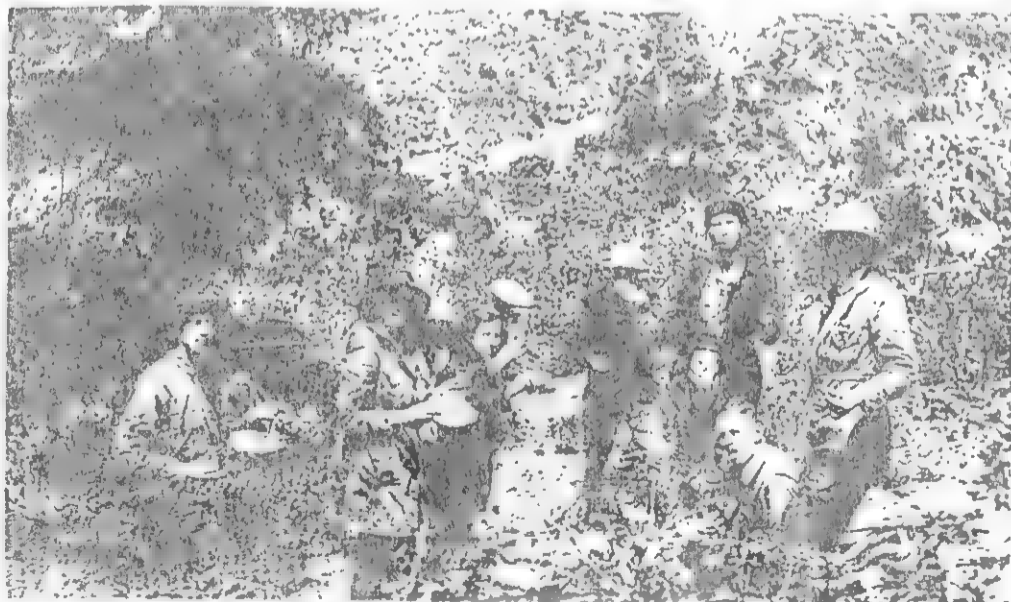
Someone in our group answered, "She is just fine and hopes you will go to sleep or at least be quiet."

"How can I be quiet when I know you, dear Anna, are cold and wet?"

"She's no colder nor wetter than you are!"

The nonsense went on for hours and sometimes it seemed good to me to know that no one near us was crying or fussing about our hard luck--nor their own uncomfortable predicament. It was great to be young, healthy and alive.

The sun found some of us dozing, all of us wet and hungry. We soon were organized and got across the stream and followed the horses' tracks to find the men in charge had raided the food supplies and had a fire burning and blankets to warm us as we ate. We all reached the highest peak before noon and received medals. I still have mine.



(1) THELMA

(2) MARION

(3) ANNA

TREK UP
TWIN PEAKS
WITH THE
U. of U.

MY FIRST TRIP TO LAKES

In a very real sense we all spend our lives on trial. Our faith in God and our obedience of His commandments is daily--hourly--being tested and tried.

But when John Clegg, along with a few other farmers from Heber Valley, forty-five miles away, first stood on the shore of Trial Lake, the foundation for about one-tenth of my life was laid. Looking for a permanent source of irrigation water for their farms, those men discovered the main source in a pine-encircled lake about twenty-six miles up from Kamas, Utah. Traces of a few Indian arrow heads were found up in that unspoiled, virgin part of the world. They could hear the falls rushing down the steep slope about three-fourths of a mile below Trial Lake. (These beautiful falls now cascade down slab-like rocks washed bare when Washington Lake dam broke in 1891, the spring after it was built. In 1910 it was rebuilt, along with Wall Lake and Trial Lake dams.) As time passed these pioneers found and named dozens of other sparkling clear lakes, including Clegg Lake, named for John Clegg, Cardie's father.

My first trip to that lovely mountain range--the only one in the U.S. that runs east and west--proved to be a wonderful trial for me. I could never get my directions straight--those mountains ran north and south to me always; and I felt unprepared to meet the strenuous, pioneering requirements demanded of those intruding on the rugged primitive areas.

But the Little Lame Prince, transported on his magic carpet to secluded Tibet, could not have been more surprised or enchanted by the scenes that met his eyes, than I was when first I saw the lakes. Having lived my first nineteen years in the city by the Great Salt Lake, I was totally unprepared for the untamed expanse of the Wasatch National Forest. I was also woefully unprepared for the twelve-mile horseback ride from Soapstone. For Old Squaw, a mangy but game pony with an unbelievably sharp spine, substituted to the best of her ability for a magic carpet. Certainly she threw me into the air at every step, and she should not be blamed if I plumped heavily back into the saddle after each of her heroic efforts to make me fly.

Ramona had told me about the kind people who lived in her beautiful valley, and I had visited her home the Christmas before. Then I met her brother after he returned from California. That such a wonderful young man could be interested in drab little me was the crowning wonder of the age. But it was Cardie who arranged this trip for five of us: Ramona, Raymond Maw, the shy young medical student at the University of Utah, and his buddy, Harold Lawrence, who had been with him in France during the war, and a cute little girl named Oriel, who taught school with me in the Granite District. Cardie was already at the lakes, where he was an assistant caretaker of the reservoirs built by the farmers and water companies of Kamas, Heber, and Provo valleys.

We had been delayed by Harold's tonsils. He had had them removed two days before we planned to leave Salt Lake City, but such elaborate plans as ours could not be permanently shelved by one set of tonsils. So, one day late and without his doctor's knowledge, we "Forded" (Model T) up to Soapstone where a group of young people and their chaperone had been awaiting our arrival with the car for two long days. They had had nothing but mutton without salt to eat on the second day, so they fell upon our rations with gusto. It was evening when we arrived at

the small rangers' cabin, so we all spent the night there together. We cleared out the main room and lay down in a long line on the floor, which was luckily made of "soft" wood. Cardie took the middle spot and Ramona lay next to him on the right with Oriel and me and the rest of the girls stretched out on her right; all of the fellows spread out in a line on Cardie's left. We had one blanket for each three of us, so slept in our clothes.

We had more fun singing and acting out this nonsense song:

Ten men in a bed and the middle man said,
"Roll over, roll over," and they all rolled over,
And one rolled out, leaving nine in the bed.
And the middle man said, "Roll over, roll over!"
And they all rolled over, and one rolled out,
Leaving eight in the bed."
Etc., until none were left in bed.

A lot of giggling and squirming went on before someone realized that we had left a candle burning in the window sill. Who was to get up and blow it out? No one wanted the honor. No one cared to try to find his two-by-four floor allotment in the inky darkness after the candle was put out, so Cardie settled it by taking his German luger from its holster under his pillow (a rolled-up gunny sack) and shooting out the flame. The shot was deafening and the smell of powder filled the room, but soon we were sleeping.

The next morning we washed in the icy water of a tiny spring to the astonishment of every woodland creature within eye or earshot. Squirrels came out on the tips of the pines to peer down at us and chatter their disapproval of our presence there in that quiet spot. Brave little chipmunks scampered for crumbs we threw them and picked up the food in their dainty little fingers. It was a beautiful morning, all golden sunshine and clear fresh air. Birds sang, flowers bloomed, and a tiny breeze whispered in the tall pines. Lovely? The place was enchanted!

It was still early in the morning when we waved farewell to the party returning in the Ford to Heber. Cardie drove the team of horses hitched to a wagon, and the rest of us mounted the horses and ponies that stood saddled and bridled and waiting for us. We delayed only long enough for Oriel to blow a whiff of powdered aspirin down Harold's raw throat.

Riding through the primitive forest was an unforgettable experience. At first it was wonderful. Then the constant spanking against hard saddle leather began to dim the joy ever so slightly for me. Hour by hour it grew dimmer and dimmer. Sometimes I tried riding on the wagon seat beside Cardie, especially while the sudden showers peppered us with cold, cold rain; but the jolting was worse than the spanking. Those twelve miles seemed to reach from the Mexican to the Canadian border. On, on, on and ever on we plodded over a road that in most places was less than a trail and made frequent use of "corduroy bridges"--logs lined up crosswise over swamps and streams.

We stopped to build a fire and warm up canned beans for lunch. Then on we went again. Finally I gave up all hope of ever reaching any place and settled into a dull, aching nightmare of physical torture. It was late afternoon when we reached the lakes. I heard encouraging shouts ahead from the first arrivals at the cabin; but neither Old Squaw nor I could muster up much enthusiasm, so we plodded on around the turn in the so-called road in our now familiar attitude of deep dejection. There we saw the rest of the party dismounted and happily stretching their tired legs before a tiny one-room log cabin with a dirt roof upon which wild daisies, dandelions, and bluebells bloomed brightly. Behind the cabin

a huge rock-lined dam reared its sloping sides. Off to the left a glimpse could be had of the Provo River rushing from the valve house below the dam. Everything was wet. The lush grasses and flowers were bent over with raindrops still shimmering on their leaves. Hordes of ravenous mosquitoes rushed to meet us. But from the open cabin door came the delicious fragrance of frying ham and baking biscuits. I tried to climb down from my drooping mount. I could see Cardie coming to help me, but I suddenly wished to show everyone that I was capable of getting off that horse on my own power. Well, I wasn't. I fell off into the mud since my legs seemed made of rubber. They simply bowed in the middle and refused to hold me up when Card tried to stand me on my feet. He laughed.

A small man-of-the-mountains, with months of unshaven growth on his face came out of the cabin, his bright blue eyes twinkling. "City gal?" he asked and Cardie nodded.

As though that were a signal those two fellows each caught me firmly by an arm and set off at a brisk run, dragging me ignominiously between them. I could hear Harold's hearty laugh back by the cabin. My pride was stung to the quick and I put all of my will power into my feet, but they refused to co-operate and hung like dead things on the ends of my dead legs. Up a stiff incline I was pulled and onto a level stretch of ground near the shore of the brightest, bluest lake, but I was given no opportunity to look at that lake. My two stalwarts ran on and on. If they had kept in step with each other I think they might have pulled me a little less ruggedly, but speed seemed to be their only concern. Finally, in desperate self-defense, I tried out my feet again and got a more favorable response. After about ten minutes of this strenuous treatment, my legs began to tingle and take on new strength. They held me up very respectably on the return trip along the lake shore. I learned that the small man was named Jont Duke. When we returned to the cabin he darted inside to inspect his biscuits, then came to the door to bellow at us, "Mop off yer faces 'n eyebrows! Chow's on!"

Mm-mm, such chow! Nectar and ambrosia would have been poor fare beside it. Fried ham, fried potatoes and onions, fried mutton liver and rich brown biscuits! We ate off cracked, chipped plates and pie tins. We sat on cracker barrels and fruit crates. We fought mosquitoes for every mouthful, and we gorged ourselves into a blissful state.

Even Harold enjoyed that meal. He pulled faces before and after each swallow, and had to have Oriel blow more aspirin through her straw, but he downed a hearty meal in spite of his raw throat. The dampness and cold mountain air was not proving to be the best medicine in the world for him as we had fatuously hoped that it might be.

Droopy eyed, we girls washed the dishes in a chipped old pan set on the back of a scrubbed-out wash basin. The fellows carried water from the river and grumbled about the extravagance of using a rinse.

Put one woman in a cabin an' she'll use up a hull bucket 'a water in a day," Mr. Duke philosophised gloomily. "Put two uv 'em in a kitchen an' durned ef they won't use up two buckets, an' three uv 'em has been knowed ta use up six buckets! Sech critters—no sense o' proportion a' tall!"

"There's plenty of water in the river," Ramona retorted as she poured more water from the steaming tea kettle.

"Tain't the water I objects ta, it's the principle a' the thing," our host and chaperone stated righteously. "Ole feller I onct knew," he continued, "lived out on the resa'vation with the Injuns. He hed a crick on his place an' he kept things plenty-PLenty clean. He'd all ta water he could use, but he was consarvative, he wuz. No wastin' fer him! Should say NOT! He'd drag in a bucket a' thet crick water on a Sat'ad'y mornin' and he'd wash out his clothes, then he'd git into the worsh tub an' use the good suds thet wuz left to scrub hisself with,

and then he'd slosh what was left aroun' ta floor with a broom an' mighty little a' thet water was ever left ta be swept outta the door, lemme tell YOU, young ladies!"

Silenced and properly impressed, we girls went to bed in a large tent pitched a short distance from the cabin, while the male contingent took over the wall bunks and the cabin floor.

It seemed that I had barely closed my tired eyes when an Indian party outside our tent woke us. It was Raymond and Harold egged on by Mr. Duke. They were beating the dishpan and basin with spoons and howling like Comanches on the warpath. We soon discovered that they were threatening to come in and get us if we did not put in an appearance in three short minutes. We three girls hit the ground outside our bed at one bound. The chilly air did not invite any loitering and the threats outside began to sound rather personal, so we made the desired appearance in less than three minutes by pulling unlaced boots up over our riding pants, and by buttoning sweaters over unbuttoned blouses. We crammed our uncombed heads under our caps and stepped out into the bright warm sunshine in time to forestall a wild tent raid.

Cardie was off somewhere cutting wood. He came back presently with a good supply in the wagon box. Then we ate breakfast. Our day's entertainment, as planned by our escorts, was to ride up Old Baldy as far as we could go on horses and hike the rest of the way to the summit of that mammoth mountain. I felt myself go pale at the thought of pounding leather again so soon with my delicate "parts," but I made no objection. It would have done no good, anyway, to protest. Four miles sounded reasonably close. But I had not learned yet that miles in the Uintas are measured as the crow flies, not by the ups, downs, and curves of the trail. After what seemed a century of riding, I dared to ask about that deceptive mileage and Cardie explained that some of the distances had been measured with wolf hides by hunters who generously threw in the tails without counting them.

That was beautiful country. We had it all to ourselves. The outside world of men knew practically nothing about the existence of such a paradise at that early date. We passed Teapot Lake, then Lily Lake, half covered with its great green pads and yellow-gold lilies. We paused at Lost Lake and an hour later drank from the clear Cold Springs by lying down on our stomachs and sucking the cold water in between our teeth. Then we rode and we rode some more. The sun disappeared and the rain descended upon us. For a few minutes it came down with such violence that we had to take shelter under some pine trees. Lightning struck a tree not far from us and splintered the trunk before our eyes. We left our shelter and plodded on in the down-pour. Then, as though it were all a friendly joke, the sun came smiling upon us again and dried us out in a few moments. I took my feet from the stirrups frequently and folded them in front of me across Old Squaw's boney neck. She paid no attention to this unorthodox procedure, and it helped no end to relieve the stiffness in my legs.

At long last we arrived at the base of Old Baldy. Then we rode around the foot of the mountain toward Reid's Peak until we found a favorable spot for climbing. Old Squaw plunged into her climbing! With an arch of her neck and heave of her rear end she lurched into the business of getting me up the mountain. Her mane blew into my mouth and eyes. Playfully she leaped from boulder to boulder. Doggedly she clambered over millions of fallen logs. Persistently she scraped against every available tree trunk until I learned how to guide her past them, and so saved my poor legs many a tough skinning.

Cardie rode ahead to show us the way. He had no trouble at all with his black horse. In fact, the two of them seemed to melt together to form one personality that was completely in harmony with the scene. I suppose Adam with his superior strength and endurance must have impressed Eve in their Garden, with

the same emotional impact that Cardie impressed me with on that ascent of Old Baldy. He made the other fellows seem like boys with his perfect knowledge of the country and his woodsman's "know-how." Without any hesitation he led us on to our goal. Soon we were forced to tether the horses and proceed on foot up the steep, rocky cliffs. The view became more breath-taking. As we stood on the summit I thought of Tennyson's words as he gazed upon the sea, "...and I would that my soul could utter the thoughts that arise in me!" Before us stretched out a vast untamed wilderness of mountains, forests, rivers, lakes, and, fifty miles away, the outline of Mt. Timpanogos over-looking Heber Valley. Turning, I beheld a series of mountains and valleys dotted with lakes stretching off toward Wyoming. Such a wild ruggedness, such an indescribable loneliness, such stupendous forces of Nature had been at work there, that people seemed insignificant, like feeble ants crawling upon the surface of a newly-found world.

We stood there a long time looking out over that ocean of space and a healthy respect for the Creator of all the earth was reborn in my soul. Everyday events and cares looked very small; little worries showed themselves to be nothing at all; standing there so high above the rest of the world gave me a fleeting glimpse of how this planet of ours might look to God. Just looking and appreciating that sight brought a strong feeling of kinship with the Lord of all.

We found a rock monument upon which a tin can had been placed. It contained the names of a few hardy climbers who had been there before us, so we added our names. On the descent, we picked an amazing variety of wild flowers, some of which grew out of the most rocky spots imaginable.

Cardie put a careless arm around my shoulders and stopped me to take a last look at the immensity below us. "Like it?" he asked with as much pride as though he had created it himself.

"Like it?" I repeated his question. "I've never seen anything to equal it! It is colossal—breath taking—beautiful beyond description!" I wished for more superlatives to use as verbal fig leaves to cover the nakedness of awe that filled my mind, but could think of no more. I seemed to sense now why the elements had tried to turn us back—why the rain, thunder and lightning had thrown a protective screen around this mountain to keep this holy wonder free from prying mortal eyes.

I even saw Cardie with new eyes. He was no longer just the handsome athletic young man whose blond good looks and kind manner had won my heart down in the valley. He was a part of all this glorious country. He was perfectly at home in this ruggedness, perfectly able to meet all the demands such primitive life could make. He was courage, honesty, truth and power all rolled into one wonderful man. I think I would have died if he had not loved me!

The next day Oriel made three pies. Two of them disappeared mysteriously from the rickety table when her back was turned, so I helped her hide the third one in the fork of a pine tree down by the river to make sure we would have it for supper. We went back to the cabin to accuse Raymond and Ramona of absconding with the two missing pies, but getting no confession out of them, Oriel drove them from the cabin while we cleared up the mess the cooking spree had made. We put together all of the juicy scraps and leavings and scraped them out of the paneless window right onto the heads of Ray and Mona who had crept up and were quietly outside eavesdropping on us. We were absolutely unaware of their presence until their squealing and groaning startled us. To this day they think we knew they were there, but truly that was one time when Fate herself took a hand in securing a just revenge.

That afternoon I had my first fishing lesson down at the foot of the Washington cascades where the tumbling, boiling waters widened out into a calm

little pool in the Provo River. Cardie baited my hook and showed me how to cast out the shining spinner. Each time I tried, my bait hit the water with a resounding smack; and try as I would, I could not get it to settle down delicately as I was directed to do. I did not improve with practice, so Cardie wandered downstream and left the pool to me. I looked after him and plopped the spinner into the pool with a fine splash that sent up a wave of spray high into the air. "Darn fishing!" I thought and jerked out my line. A small fish came with the hook. It made an arch through the air while I stared at it in fright and consternation. Then it flopped back into the pool and I watched it try to free itself of the hook. My first instinct was to throw myself into the water and get it out of its misery. I had never before been directly responsible for any creature's suffering, and I hated the feeling I had as I watched that poor little fish battle for its life. Then something primitive in me came to the front, something I had never suspected lurked in my character. Suddenly the fish no longer mattered, but it became most important for me to land him safely. I clutched the bamboo pole, turned my back on the stream, gave a mighty jerk and ran for the cabin. When I stopped, the fish was several yards out of the water, flopping forlornly in the tall grass, almost exhausted by its long haul over bush and boulder, but it was still connected to the hook. I dared not touch it. When I could no longer endure its struggles, I built a small prison of rocks around it and waited. I finally made myself look at it again. There was no elation in my conquest, and I think I would have cried over it if Oriel had not come downstream with her pole just then.

I wanted no more fishing. Oriel was tired, too, so we sat on a boulder where the spray from the falls could just reach us and composed a song to the tune of "There Must Be Little Kewpies in the Briney." There was a special verse for each member of our party, but they could not improve upon the original chorus of:

"Oh, there must be little Kewpies in the briney,
There must be little Kewpies in the sea—
But the man that has the money
Is the one that gets the honey—
Oh, there must be little Kewpies in the sea!"

Sung with long drawn-out breath and sobbing intensity our ditties made a respectable impression on the assembled group that evening around a huge bon-fire near the spillway of Trial Lake. Then, because we half suspected that Ray and Ramona were falling in love, and because we were disappointed to find that chipmunks had eaten our pie in the tree, Oriel and I made up a wild yarn about Ramona talking in her sleep about Ray. This called for a Kangaroo Court with Mr. Duke as the judge. Our testimonies became so elaborate and well-embroidered, that at last poor Mona arose and cried, "Your Honor, I plead guilty to the ORIGINAL charge!" She was sentenced to make three pies the next day.

After much lusty singing and a few stories, Mr. Duke recited a few passages from the Bible to us and preached a sermon, part of which went something like this. "Now you young folks are young. Ya don't know nothin' about ta world yet, but you're agoin' ta learn. Ya can bet on that--some day you'll say, 'The old man was right. He knew what he was talkin' 'bout when he said we'd learn--he was crackin' ta nut with ta nut-cracker!' 'An then you'll look back on tanight and wonder how ya could ever have been sa young. But bein' young don't necess'arly mean ya gotta be good. There's good people in this world an' them that has ta work at bein' good. Now, Cardie and Ramona, your father is a good man. It comes nat'ral to him. It's easy fer him ta do what's right. But some of us could be

cut from a dif'rent round o' cheese. If I'm good, I have to work at it," his voice trailed off in self-pity. "I gotta work darn hard at it sometimes," he added; then he looked up at the stars and yelled at us, "It's late. Git ta bed. 'Tup off yer teeth 'n eyebrows an' git ta bed. Tomorra's another day!"

We arose obediently and paired off to walk up the trail to the cabin, and Mr. Duke marched behind us giving us all fair warnings. "No spoonin' nor moonin' while I'm a shap-ee-roonin' this outfit--understand?"

He meant what he said and we were all tired enough to "git" without any arguments.

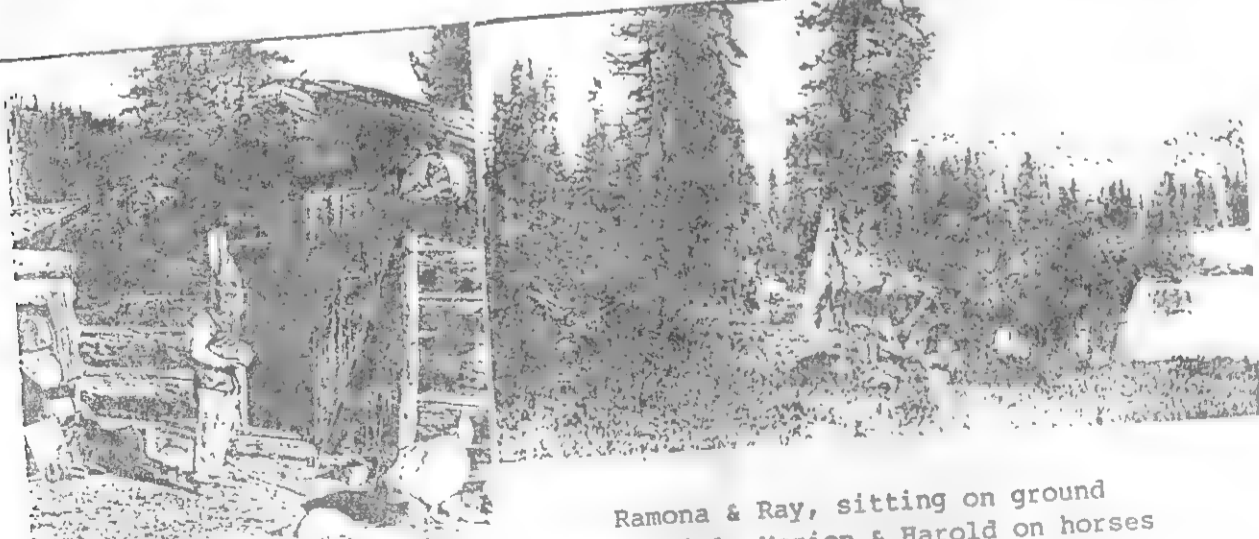
We were kept too busy the next few days to think about romance, but Cardie did make a point of handing me one of the smaller buckets and taking two big ones himself, inviting me to accompany him to the spring, down in a deep hollow where the water came up out of the earth all clean and pure and ready for us to drink. We went up the crude road to the shores of Trial Lake and followed them to the spillway, which we crossed, and then descended into a ravine full of wild flowers. The spring was at the bottom of the paradise. We filled our buckets with the sparkling clear water and started back up the sloping trail. Then we took time out to exchange a few words in private.

"Have you thought about what I asked you in Heber?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. "I've thought about it quite a lot."

"What have you decided?"

I hardly knew for sure if I had really come to any decision or not. Then suddenly, without any warning something inside of me took charge of my mind--my future was plainly outlined for me. I knew what was right for me to do. So, quite simply I told him I would marry him the next summer, for I had already signed a contract to teach in Hiawatha for the coming school year. He thought about that and agreed to any plan I might have for our future together. He grabbed me for a quick hug and his foot tipped over a big bucket of water, splashing up on both of us.



Ramona & Ray, sitting on ground
Oriel, Marion & Harold on horses
1921--my first trip to lakes

John M. Wallace standing by old cabin built
below Trial Lake dam in 1913. Photo
taken in 1926.



MARION, RAMONA, CARDIE,
JONT DUKE, ORIEL
IN OLD CABIN DOORWAY.

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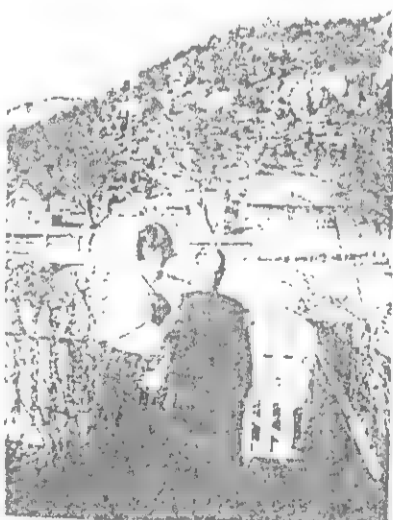


RAY, RAMONA, CARDIE, MARION, ORIEL

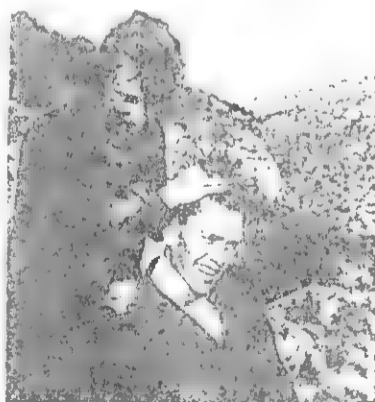


RAMONA, RAY, MARION, ORIEL, HAROLD
ON TOP OF BALD MOUNTAIN, 1921

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MARION & "GRANDMA
MEEKS"



MARION & TERRENCE



ELLEN HOYT &
GRANDMA MEEKS

through the rest of my life feeling sorry for myself, for Cardie and now for this young man?

Pretty soon Annie and Billy came home and she laughed at the young man, and young Billy climbed all over him, and we were all having a good time when Cardie returned.

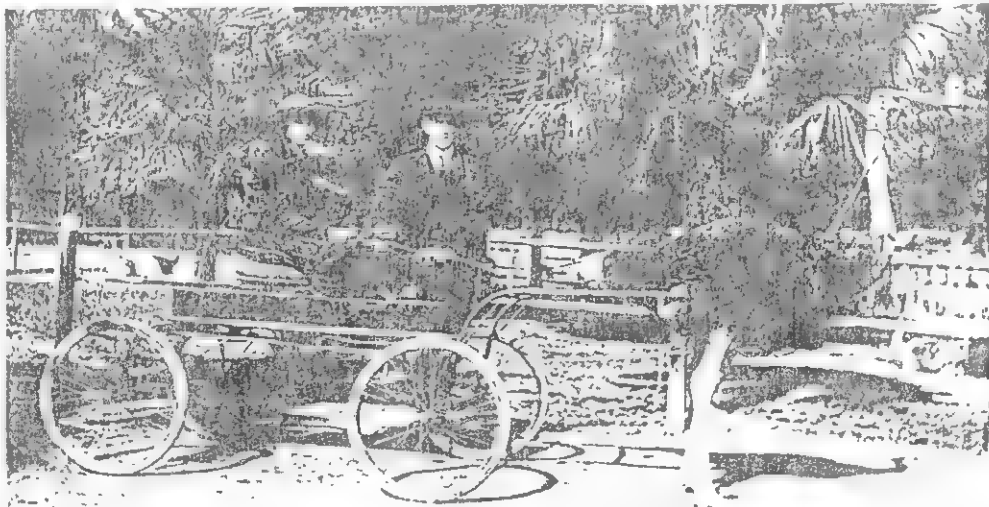
I had promised Grace that we would stop in St. Thomas, Nevada on our way home. The time was flying, and I had to be back in Hiawatha. But, sad to say, there had been a flood between Moapa and St. Thomas, which is now at the bottom of Lake Mead. We phoned Grace and she said the railroad had been washed out in the flood, and no trains could reach St. Thomas, which was fifteen or more miles away. Well, we decided we would try to walk it, and Grace and Vern, her husband, would come as far north in their car as they could to meet us.

We had two suitcases to carry, but we were young and husky, so off we went. For the first few miles the railroad ties were in place and we walked from tie to tie in a monotonous rhythm. The suitcases grew progressively heavier as we grew progressively more tired. We must have walked about seven miles, seeing no one, no houses or signs of life, and then a man and a boy on horses caught up with us. The man put me up on his horse, handed me my suitcase to rest on the horse's neck, put Cardie's suitcase on his son's horse, and the two men walked along the ties which were getting more and more flood damaged. Vern and Grace managed to come three or four miles with their car, and we had a grand reunion.

Nothing would do but we must cross the Colorado River the next day and find the Mormon Pioneer Trail. So away we went, as far as the river, which did not look very wide, but we were told it was awfully deep at that point. It was rushing along at a great rate, and the only way to cross it was in a bucket strung on wires from two poles, one on our side of the river and the other across that wicked body of water that had drowned two workers two days before we appeared. I vowed I would not get in that rickety, tipsy bucket for anything on earth, but that "thing" caught up with me when the men had safely landed Vern, then Grace, then Cardie on the opposite shore. Somehow the men got me into the bucket and they pulled the ropes and away I went, too scared to look down on the wicked plunging Colorado River. We spent the night on the hard ground, but found a boatman to take us back over the river where it had spread out a bit and was not so frightening to cross.

The next day we had only a short walk to Moapa, but it was long enough to throw my legs out of gear, and I simply could not lift my feet higher than I had been doing going from one rail tie to the next. The conductor and Cardie boosted me onto the train's platform. We had stopped only long enough to send a wire to Arthur Goodwin in Hiawatha, explaining about the washout and promising to be back on my job in two more days.

In spite of a lot of things, we had had fun and our honeymoon had been exciting and just fine. Cardie went back to Heber, and I took a train to Price and a bus to Hiawatha.



MARION
&
CARDIE
ON
HONEYMOON
IN
CALIFORNIA
AT
OSTRICH FARM

in Copperton who could possibly get him on at the Bingham Smelters. I've always hoped that things went well for the Kamms, but I never heard anything more about them.

One day I was walking along the street and a big shiny car drove along and stopped a few yards ahead of me. A woman was at the wheel. She stepped down into the road and looked at me. I did not know who she was, but in that town you were "stuck up" if you didn't speak to everyone. So, I said hello to her and went on. At my third or fourth step, I heard her say, "Wait!"

I turned around and waited.

"You must be Miss Davis who married someone recently!"

"Yes, I am," I replied.

"Well, Mrs. What-ever-your-name-is-now, I don't think I was ever introduced to you!"

"Oh," I said, "did I offend you by speaking to you?"

"No one ever does!" she retorted, "unless we have been introduced."

"Then I beg your pardon, Lady, I meant no offense!" I said crisply and walked away. I almost bumped into a nice young lady I knew a few moments later. She stopped and we shook hands.

"Do you know who that woman is who got out of the big car?" I asked.

"Sure do! She's the Little Superintendent's wife, the Queen of Hiawatha Society."

"Oh my!" I said and we both laughed. I turned around to see if the queen were still there, but she was just going into a house.

My school year in Hiawatha had really been an eventful one, but I was eager to move to Heber and take up married life with Cardie.

MARION ON HONEYMOON



CARDIE, "THE HANDSOMEST MAN IN WASATCH COUNTY."

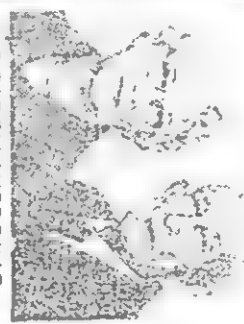


I worked in practically all of the organizations of our
 concerning the priesthood. I began in the Primary, and rose
 at several years. When Jack was about two years old,
 and husky tune. My first counselor stood him on a table
 and asked him to sing. He knew only one song, and he loved
 a home, monkey lion table, pick lup sticks, hit licks and
 the children listening did roar.

I tried to ask to be a Primary teacher bore her testimony in
 had been so terribly lonesome in a strange town and her
 and she seldom saw him. No one seemed to care about her
 could not live another week in Heber. Then I had come and
 primary and she had met many wonderful women as well as
 then she met their families and Heber became a very
 so grateful to me—and I to her.

Relief Society President, asked me to join her board as
 sition I heartily enjoyed for about eighteen years. Then
 to Violet Olpin for five years and I enjoyed that
 the Presidency was ready to release Violet, they called
 and asked me many questions. When I explained that

I do, however, remember the wonderful 50th anniversary party my children gave
 us, Dec. 28, 1971. It was held in the Third Ward cultural hall, with our
 grandchildren performing musically, a square dance, and refreshments. Dad was in
 seventh heaven as his numerous friends dropped in to wish us well.



GOLDEN WEDDING

An event not a bonding party, for the
 (Gail and Mary) 50th anniversary
 was a day of celebration and joy for the
 family on Dec. 28, 1971 at 1800 N.
 the Heber Third Ward at 1:30 p.m.
 friends and relatives are on the street
 building 2015 office 50th anniversary
 president of Heber 15 with the family
 and stock raising he served 24 years of
 the Union Reserve for 50th anniversary
 spent at Still Lake He and Mary have 5
 children and 24 grand children

50th
 ANNIVERSARY

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GOLDEN WEDDING
 An event for a family of the 50th Anniversary
 (Caption and Photo Courtesy of the 50th Anniversary
 Committee, Heber, Utah)

50th
 ANNIVERSARY

After speaker suggested better and better ways to accomplish
begun. Almost stunned I glanced over into the south-western
for the emanation seemed to me to be coming from there. I had
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autifully.

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to our Stake President, Clay Cummings, asked me if I would
had been in Salt Lake City all day and he thought the cars
from Heber would be crowded going home. The car had been
I went home with him.

Harley's Canyon we talked of many subjects and as we were
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lead and said, "It is always like that when we have a

FEEL the presence of Jesus like I did tonight?"

softly, "I felt it, too!"

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like I was close enough to God that I might have touched
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convinced that YOU are the one the Lord wants to fill the
in the Church? We knew you were a convert. We reviewed
Ward Primary and we have watched you for eighteen years on
the board. Sister Clegg, we don't just make a list of names
we are choosing a stake leader. We had to know you were
work. We had to know that Jesus wanted us to appoint you!
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MARION & CARDIE, 1971

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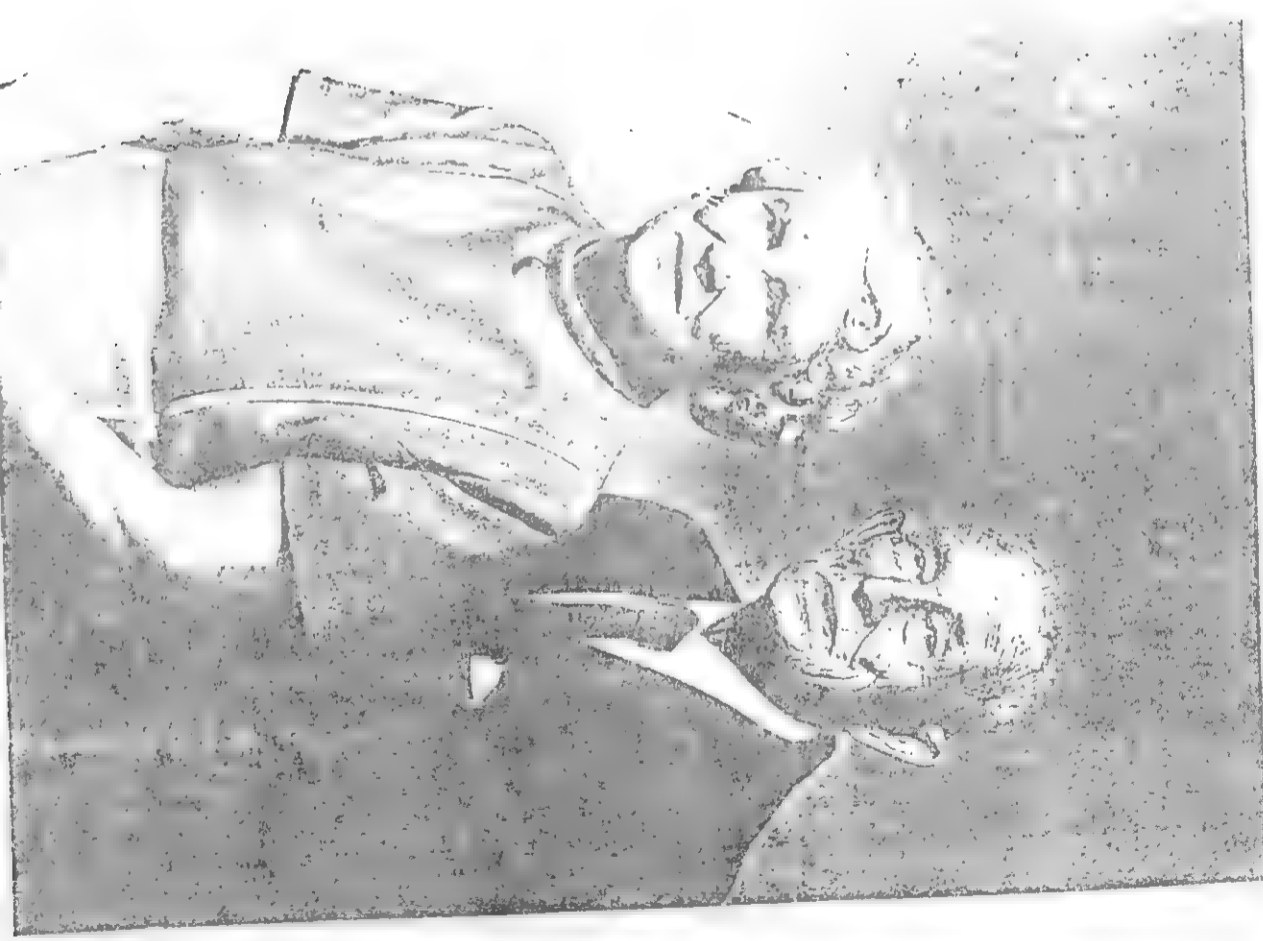
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MARION & CARDIE, 1971

before she reaches here."

It was attached to an overhead log in the ceiling
of the tent. The horse and its wailing rider soon reached
and held the horse until I could tie it to a post, then I
helped the woman get down from her saddle. The mosquitoes were
terrible. The poor soul was wailing like a banshee and couldn't seem

now!" I told her.

"A terrible awful scare! I was sick at home--been sick all
the time," my doctor said to get up to the lakes with my husband
and let me stay here!" She was shaking and her false teeth were
loose. I made her a cup of tea and after she had a few
sips she looked around the cabin.

"Why? Don't you hate it--away off in the wilds like

and only a few days at the lakes and that I was taking the

to take little innocent children up here where there's wild

and I've seen anything wilder than some deer, but she stopped
with both hands and sobbing as though her heart would
break, she told me what had upset her. Her husband was
lost two or three to coyotes, so he had gone to bring the
back to camp.

I stood just inside the tent door when I heard somethin'
of the tent. I thought it might be one of the dogs come
from the herd and my husband. Pretty soon the thing bumped

our chief herding dog, and then I heard him comin' around
was him, but it wasn't him at all. It was a huge black
bear that came through the door." She swore an oath or two to convince
me she was justified.

--at least four feet tall and he just stood at the door
and looked over me with his big beady eyes--as black as coal they
were and right down wicked looking. He sniffed the air and I
saw it in his face and yelled bloody murder and when he
saw I made a run for my life. Our old mare was tied nearby
and so I made a dash for her. The bear stopped and looked
at the saddle, and when the bear let out a blood-curdling
roar. The bear followed us for about a mile. Oh, oh,
I'll tell you all my life. That great monster come lopin' along
not so close that I hit him in the face with my whip. Oh,
and this old mare, she took to jumpin' over logs like she
didn't know what direction we was goin' in and I just didn't
know the cabin--and you and your tot and I do thank you ma'am for

THE NEW CABIN

There are mansions of marble and houses of stone
And beautiful sights to see,
But Cardie's log cabin in the pines at Tryol Lake
Is near enough heaven for me.

With the sky so blue up above me,
And the song of a soft-flowing stream,
With the one that my heart loves dearly,
Who's in sympathy with my dream.

Then millionaires can have their palaces
And their beautiful homes by the sea,
But Cardie's log cabin in the pines at Tryol Lake
Is near enough heaven for me.

--Ollie L. Rhodes

The U.S. Forest Service issued building permits for two cabins to be built on
the west side of Trial Lake, near the dam, in 1926, the year of our first
attempt to live there.

Cardie arranged with the Provo Reservoir Company to obtain a permit also. He
agreed to build a large cabin east of the dam for their mutual use, sharing the
costs evenly. Shortly thereafter forest regulations changed, and no more permits
were issued. Living at the lakes became almost like living in paradise--two
choice families, the Griexes and Maycocks, as neighbors and friends on weekends and
vacations--not the crowded summer home sites other developments have become.

Not long after the girls and I had returned to Heber, Cardie began laying the
cement foundation, cutting timber, and erecting the walls. The next summer he and
Charles Hamblin, his hired helper, built a spillway at Star Lake, and in their
spare time worked on our cabin and the two homes across the dam. John Griex, from
Ogden, had a portable sawmill which he shared in exchange for use of Cardie's
horses. Soon the two-story log walls of all three cabins were notched and fitted
at the corners, braced with huge log beams and rafters, and ready for roofing.
Cardie added a steep, four-sided roof designed to keep snow from accumulating on
it. He had his left-over roofing lumber stacked on the south side of the cabin
when an extraordinary storm struck. Mountains generally dissipate violent
weather as it goes up the canyon, ripping up and toppling
trees and its way up the canyon, ripping up and toppling
trees and its way up the canyon, ripping up and toppling

WATER PROBLEMS

With the cabin perched on top of a hill, the chore of hauling water UP became an ever-increasing burden. We needed water, not only for the family's sanitary use, but for the row of trees and scattered wild flowers I transplanted on the barren hill and wanted to encourage to multiply and replenish the earth, even though the soil was so rocky it was hard for their roots to get a firm grip on life.

The children soon grew tired of the chore, and in an effort to compromise, and heeding the adage, if the mountain won't go to Mohammad, then Mohammad will go to the mountain, I decided it would be easier to take the laundry to the river. So Cardie set up a hand-cranked washing machine with an attached ringer down by the river. On wash days he built a good fire near it, I put on boots and a coat since it was swampy and shady there, and the children carried buckets of water up a short path from the river to be heated in a big tin tub. If it were deemed necessary to pre-rinse some clothes, I tossed them into the river, and the children retrieved them downstream.

It was always a treat when Paul Braby helped with the laundry. He married Cardie's sister Bessie and served as Cardie's assistant one summer before they moved from Utah. Paul, large of stature, had an equally large melodious operatic voice. As he cranked the washing machine, he sang "O Solo Mio" at the top of his lungs. Fishermen and their families climbed part way down the rocky dam, found a good boulder to sit on, and enjoyed his performance from their improvised amphitheater-style seats.

After the articles were scrubbed, rinsed, and forced through the wringer, we carefully laid them out on bushes and small pine trees to dry. Between the sun and the chlorophyll in the leaves and pine needles, the laundry was nicely bleached and smelled like fresh mountain air. Providing we took the wash in before the wind blew them onto the dirty ground or a sudden shower soaked them, we then had the laborious task of pressing them with our three heavy irons inherited from my Grandmother Reynolds who crossed the plains pushing a handcart all the way. The children accused me of having a fetish about pressing everything, even sheets, towels, and underwear. But I liked the look of neatly-pressed linen and clothes. In later years when the washing machine fell apart and we saved the laundry for weekly trips to Heber and an electric washer, we still competed in many races with those irons. Our object was to press a whole shirt with just one iron, and the iron's objective was to cool down too fast for it to be done. Sometimes on cold nights we wrapped up a hot iron to take to bed as a foot warmer. Needless to say, we were really saddened when vandals broke into the cabin and stole them one year. They were lots more fun than using an electric iron in Heber. That was sheer drudgery!

Lake water could be used for washing clothes and chairs; but for drinking, cooking, and washing dishes we had to have spring water. Cardie held the water rights to a spring that was about 200 yards DOWN a ravine below the dike and near the campground. Carrying buckets of water UP the steep hill at 9800 feet elevation several times a day was a real chore. But for 19 years that was our only choice, and we begrudged every thirsty fisherman who asked for a glass of water.

We envied the Grix family because they had a spring ABOVE their cabin, and they could just turn on a tap and water ran downhill through a pipe right into their sink. They even had an indoor toilet! The one problem with their spring was that it was located next to the Washington Lake trail, and though they stored their water in a nice 3' x 5' x 2' cement box with a wooden lid, some people could not tell it was clean drinking water. And Mr. Grix did not want to call attention to it with a sign saying so. More than once when we were visiting them they complained, "Our water has a peculiar taste today. I wonder why." We learned part of the answer as we were passing their spring one day. There sat two of the dirtiest, tired-looking fishermen soaking their feet in Grix's reservoir! Cardie was disgusted and demanded of them, "What do you think you're doing there, putting your feet in that water?"

One of the men quickly responded, "I've been meaning to thank you, Mr. Clegg, for providing this foot bath here. It sure does make a foot-sore fisherman feel refreshed! We use it every time we come up." We were not as envious of the Grixes thereafter and could sympathize with their struggles for clean water.

We had plenty of water problems of our own, though. One summer a shepherd let his sheep intrude onto grazing territory set aside for Cardie's animals, which angered Cardie. But when the herder let his sheep get into the spring, making a mud hole of it, Cardie blew up. Even though he attended church regularly and had been a missionary for two-and-a-half years, he did not let that stifle his language when sufficiently provoked. He saw the herder coming through the spillway towards the cabin and went outside to give him the "talking to" he deserved.

"Why in thunderation have you let your damn sheep come onto my grazing land? I need that grass for my animals and after your sheep are through there's nothing left. And now you've let 'em get into my spring. I'm ordering you to drive them out--now!" Cardie fumed.

I was embarrassed and didn't know what to say to the bawling out. But the herder smiled, extended his hand, and replied, "I'm just fine, Mr. Clegg, thank you. And how are you?"

Cardie realized in a flash that all his rhetoric had been wasted on a deaf man, and he burst out laughing, inviting him in to eat breakfast with us.

After many years of persuasion, in 1945 Cardie finally agreed to let me send for a hydraulic ram that would pump water uphill from the sheer force of water running down into it. Cardie, Jack, Jerry, and Ray spent days laying a pipe line from the spring downhill a hundred feet or so to the ram; from there they buried an inch-wide pipe up the hill to the cabin and into an old water heater they had installed in Honeymoon Hall above the kitchen. With the first tankful we offered a drink to a horse in order to satisfy war-time purchase restrictions stipulating the ram must be used for watering livestock.

The whole scheme seemed like a great idea, but problems arose--namely, campers. For instance, the pipe had to cross the spillway which had steep sides. The pipe could not bend down and up again to follow the terrain because water trapped there would freeze, so it just lay across the wide spillway, exposed to curious campers, who found ways to break it. Jack eventually went to much trouble and buried it. Since the spring was close to the campground, and the Forest Service had not yet piped water into the campground, people used our spring and were forever fussing with it, muddying up the water, wondering what the pipe was for. Jack built a cement box right into the mountain side at the head of the spring with a large pipe extending from it for the campers to use. He also built a fool-proof box to house the ram, "but it didn't keep the fool campers out," Cardie complained.

When everything was left alone, the ram pumped a trickle until an air bubble

shut it off. So, even though we had water running into the cabin finally, we still had to make daily trips to the spring to keep the ram operating. But that was better than hauling the water ourselves.

We prided ourselves on having both hot and cold running water--hot in the afternoons, cold in the mornings. We were so elated that we even installed Ramona's discarded kitchen sink underneath the water tap. Cardie's standard complaint for years had been that, "Come June Mother packs up everything to take to the lakes but the kitchen sink." He could not claim that any more.

The sink's drain seldom worked reliably, so we continued heaving the used water off the back porch. That seemed more fitting anyway; after all we did not want to become too civilized. Besides, it kept us on guard and taught us always to look before stepping out from a corner. Unfortunately, all visitors to the area did not know that, and several times we were guilty of letting loose with a dishpan full just as strangers stepped out from the corner hoping to find a rest room--not a shower.

When Marjorie was little, Cardie built a high swing onto that side of the cabin, which meant that the soiled water and swing paths crossed. Once Clyde Maycock and Pat were too busy swinging to help with the dishes, so in retaliation Dick Murdock threw the dirty wash water on them as they swung out, and Marjorie doused them with the rinse water thrown from the kitchen window as they swung back--a rather unforgettable way of getting their message across.

Water rights played a major part in settling the West, and we felt no different when it came to protecting our precious water. We did not mind sharing the spring with those who treated it as valuable; but we did get annoyed with those who carelessly misused it. And we got annoyed with those who did not respect the water rights of the farmers who built the reservoirs. One of Cardie's biggest problems was preventing people from removing spillway boards in the early summers. They were used to raise the storage capacity of the lakes and also to keep the river below from flooding. Trial Lake was the hardest to control because the road to the campground dipped down through the spillway. Every summer, despite warnings, people drove their cars and trucks into the spillway full of water--sometimes four feet deep, trying to get across to the campgrounds. Their food, clothing, and bedding were soaked, to say nothing of the cars' engines and other essential parts. And we felt sorry for their spoiled vacations. Cardie and the boys were kept busy pulling them out with the tractor. Sometimes a camper so stuck tried removing a board from the spillway, which eventually would lower the whole lake's water level, but would also create flooding problems down river and waste much irrigation water besides. More enterprising campers either brought their own boats or rented ours for fifty cents an hour and shipped their goods to the campgrounds.

Usually on the opening of fishing season, around July 1st most years, the spillway was full, so campers pitched their tents all around our cabin. We went to sleep at night rather isolated and woke up to find tents lining the path to our outhouses, tents in our woodpile, tents actually tied to our cabin. Our style was really cramped when they pitched a tent next to the back porch right where we always emptied our used water. And oh how the children teased to throw some dish water out on them. Instead Cardie talked to the strangers--sternly, he thought; then gave them tips on where to fish and ended up winning them as friends. In a few days they were gone, and we had our privacy again. After years of such problems, no one welcomed the bridge the Forest Service put across the spillway more than we did. And when water was finally piped to the campgrounds in about 1960 we really rejoiced!

THE LODGE

"I want some of dis, dat, des, and dos," the youngsters responded to Cardie's invitation to choose any item they wanted from the shelves stocked with soda water, gum, popcorn, peanuts, cookies, bags of candy, and of course, candy bars. He delighted in seeing their eyes pop open wide with eager expectation.

Having the candy counter installed in the southeast corner of the living room and accessible only from the kitchen opened up so many unusual doors for us that we didn't mind that all our work hardly paid for the expenses. We began selling five-cent candy bars for six cents and ten-cent ones for twelve cents. By the time we paid transportation costs, most of the difference was eaten up, and family and friends ate up the rest. I tried to limit the children's consumption to one "choose" a day, but that rule was rarely followed. We found lots of excuses to eat more. Chipmunks nightly tore into the peanut bars, leaving 90 per cent of each one still edible. Or a game of sluff, double solitaire, or samba made us thirsty for soda water. Or friends arrived and needed a treat. Or we were just tired after a hard day. Or in Cardie's case, he loved to see little tykes happy.

Every time I baked bread, which was often, tired, hungry fishermen flocked into the cabin saying they could smell it clear across the lake and wondering if they could have a slice. Their famished looks led us to begin selling hamburgers and hot dogs and occasionally a sandwich—whatever we had that someone wanted. The biggest problem with that was that we had only our big coal stove which took half an hour to heat up and wasn't worth the effort for one hamburger. But some fishermen didn't care; they liked to sit down and rest while I scurried around lighting a fire and preparing the food.

The same trouble occurred with the hot coffee some wanted. We got so we served only instant coffee, with a touch of coffee grounds dropped in. We really were not equipped for serving the public as a regular lodge would be. We just extended ourselves to accommodate the most persistent customers.

As years went by we added flashlights, fishing tackle and canned soups, and could have sold tons of film, fishing licenses, bread, milk, eggs, or anything else perishable. But we did not choose to expand that much. "We'd have to have a store bigger than Macy's to supply all the campers want," Cardie maintained in exasperation.

We did, however, rent two row boats for fifty cents an hour or two dollars a day, and horses for three dollars a day. Cardie would seldom rent a horse by the hour because it was too much nuisance and too hard on the horses. He preferred to rent them to fishermen who rode them to a distant lake, let them rest while fishing, and rode them straight back—no goofing off.

In addition, we rented sleeping rooms upstairs when they were available. Since we had no indoor restrooms, some of the clientele complained, not realizing how their voices carried over the room partitions, "I don't believe they don't have a bathroom in this big cabin for their own use. Why can't they let us use theirs?"

Because of the counter and its extensions, we met hundreds of fascinating people. No one was more eagerly anticipated than Ollie Rhodes, our "candy man" from Ogden, who brought us candy two or three times a month from Shupe Williams Candy Co. where he worked. The children were in heaven, checking his inventory,

sampling his new bars, and re-stocking the shelves.

In addition, Ollie, Pearl, and their two children, LuAnn and Gordon, became close friends. Ollie won several awards for his tall tales and poetry and kept us and various campers in stitches as he sat in front of the fireplace spinning one yarn on Cardie after another, like this one that won him first place in the Liars' Club. (This is as near as I can remember it.)

"Cardie had the wagon almost loaded with firewood up by Star Lake when a sudden storm blew in. Bolts of lightnin' flashed closeby, explodin' one tall pine after another, as rollin' thunder claps deafened the poundin' sounds of rain from the cloudburst. Both horses panicked and lit out for the barn, stumblin' over the rocks and fallen logs on the trail. They got as far as the Diamond Lake meadow; then the wagon wheels mired in the mud an' sunk clean up to the hubs. Cardie yelled at the horses to 'whoa, but they were so spooked they weren't about to wait out the storm. No sir, they bolted ahead, and their leather harnesses, soaked from the rain, stretched and stretched, clear down the mountain and around Trial Lake--for a full mile--'til they stumbled into the safety of their barn. Next mornin' when the sun come up an' began drying an' shrinkin' the leather harnesses, Old Nell and Dick just braced their feet in the barn, an' the wagon load was drawn right down to 'em."

We laughed so hard at his stories that we couldn't even ask for more. But he had more all the same. He loved telling about his wet leather shoes he set before the fireplace embers as he went to bed, only to wake up and find the pack rats had stolen them and left old teaspoons in their place. "Those pack rats are a fair breed," he maintained. "They always trade; never take something for nothing." Sometimes Cardie added one of his own stories, and strangers from the campgrounds added theirs until we'd have a regular story-swapping, side-splitting, belly laugh.

Another evening entertainment we loved was putting on shadow operations. We hung a sheet from the ceiling logs in the front room, placed audience chairs in front of it; and behind it we had a table, a doctor, a nurse, a victim, and a bright lantern that cast their shadows onto the sheet. "Well, Doctor Darekill, I'm glad you made it in time. This patient looks pretty sick to me," says the Nurse.

"Let's see what we can find. First, though, rock him to sleep, Nurse." At that point the nurse hit a board with a rock, but on the sheet screen it looked like she hit the patient. Then the doctor and nurse were free to cut open the patient and pull out all sorts of odd-looking things, making clever remarks about each. An alarm clock was his "ticker," a rope became intestines. Water usually gurgled through a funnel into what looked like the patient's open mouth. A nail and yarn were used to sew him back up.

The day following one of the more convincing sheet operations some campers timidly stepped into the cabin, not wanting to bother us, but curious about the poor person who had had emergency surgery the night before. It seemed they had wandered over to the cabin in the dark and had witnessed the operation through the window, thinking it was for real.

Occasionally we wound up the old victrola and had a real hoe-down in the front room, but the biggest celebration I can remember was when World War II ended. The news reached us over our radio in August 1945 and we verbally broadcast the welcome report from camp to camp. Everyone was overjoyed. People began singing and dancing and whooping it up in fantastic ways. They crowded into the cabin to listen to the follow-up comments. It was a time of blessed rejoicing! And none of us could stand to miss any of the official reports and comments that poured out of our radio. We finally invited one and all to bring in their dinners and eat them in the cabin. Our two big long tables were set up, and

to end, in the front room, and long benches were constructed out of planks of lumber set on sawed off logs. Most everyone in the camp came with their main dishes, fruits, vegetables, cakes and pies, which we piled along the length of the two tables. After the feast we danced and celebrated until midnight. Occasionally we stopped everything for more news that usurped regular programming. A happier group of people I have never seen. For years thereafter people came into the cabin to remind us of our war-end celebration, and we laughed and remembered together the events of that day when we were all half crazed with joy and thankfulness.

Just as the cabin became the headquarters for entertainment, it also became the center for emergencies. We bandaged many ax wounds and removed many fish hooks from flesh unless they were deeply embedded—and always warned people to get professional help as soon as they could. It was an act of divine grace, we felt, when Jack announced he wanted to marry a real nurse! Helen could handle all the medical emergencies that the rest of us seemed too squeamish about.

I nearly fainted the day Carol, trying to ram a bottle of strawberry soda water into a tub of snow to cool, fizzed it up until it exploded, cutting a nasty gouge in her wrist and sending blood-colored soda water all over the snow and floor. Fortunately, Mrs. Randall, a nurse and daughter of John Grix from across the dam, was sitting in the front room visiting at the time. She bandaged Carol's flesh together and calmed me down.

We really were not very good at medicine. When our dog got a porcupine quill in his neck, we didn't know what was making it swell up until he nearly died. Just as we'd given up hope of him surviving, the end of the quill pricked through. Then we knew and opened up the wound and removed the puss and quill. The dog did recover too.

One day an old friend of Cardie's came into our cabin to visit. He was moving very slowly and breathing quite heavily in what he called our "thin" air. In answer to Cardie's, "Well, Jake, how are you?" the old man smiled wryly, "Well, Card, I'm gettin' along pretty fine. I used to stumble around and then fall down quite often, but now I can just fall down."

On another occasion a group of boy scouts came into the cabin just after I had finished hanging about thirty small bags of candy on a wire tree at the end of the counter. I was taking some loaves of bread out of the oven and I could tell they were stripping the tree, but I asked them what they wanted to buy.

"Oh, I guess nothing!" the tallest boy said.

"Are you boys with the camp that came in last evening?" I asked.

"Yes, Ma'am!" they chorused. "We're from Salt Lake City."

"Then you are boy scouts, aren't you?" I asked.

"Yep, we're all scouts," they grinned happily.

"That's just fine!" I told them. "I once knew the scout oath when my boys were young. Do you fellows know it?"

"Sure, sure!"

"Will you all say it together for me?"

They repeated the oath and I asked what being honest meant.

"Not to tell lies," they answered.

"How about scouts taking candy and not paying for it? Is that your idea of keeping the scout oath?"

Their smiles all vanished. They stared at each other.

"You wouldn't want me to tell your scout master what you have just done, would you? He probably would feel he had to tell your parents when you all go home. Now, I am going out into my kitchen for a few minutes, and I want you to leave here as honest scouts do. Put all of the bags of candy back. Then I'll try to forget what you have just done."

I went into the kitchen and listened to them as they emptied their pockets and the piles of candy grew higher.

"She said, 'Put it ALL back'," one lad told another.

I stepped back behind the counter, said "Thank you, Boys. Please always remember that an oath is a promise, and try hard to be good scouts!"

"We will; thanks a lot....We're sorry."

"Well," I thought as I rehung the goodies on their wire tree, "I hope I have done MY good deed for the day."

In the summer of 1958 I was busy in the kitchen when someone entered the front room and put both elbows on the counter and shouted, "Is anybody here?"

I hurried behind the counter. The man had long black hair, and his face was almost completely covered with a heavy beard—a real hippie-looker! He stared at me and I stared back. Finally I asked him if he wanted to buy anything.

He answered, "Have you got a bed for me tonight?"

I wondered if he were a tramp, and I hesitated a few seconds. He surely looked like he was terribly tired and needed some sleep. "Yes," I finally replied, "we have some beds upstairs."

Then he straightened up and looked at me. I stared at him again, waiting for him to speak. "Mother, don't you know me?"

"Some smarty calling me 'mother'," I thought. And then he laughed.

"For heaven's sake! You're not Jerry, are you?" I asked. "If you are whatever has happened to you?"

"I've been hitch-hiking home for weeks by way of Asia. I went through Turkey, India, Thailand—the whole works. I landed in Alaska and found a man who was driving to Utah and joined him. We parted in Salt Lake, and I hitched a couple of rides to Kamas and walked most of the way from there."

I was never more happy to see anyone. Jerry had been stationed in Germany as a Russian interpreter for the Army for two years. We had received no word from him for such a long time. It was a great reunion for us. Then while he was eating, I looked out the bedroom window and saw Cardie coming across the dike. I dashed out into the kitchen, put the new ax into Jerry's hands and sent him out to be cutting some wood before his father could reach the woodpile. Then I waited to see what would happen. Cardie quickened his pace and steered for the woodpile.

"Hey!" I heard him call out. "Who gave you my best ax?"

"Your wife did!" Jerry replied.

Before Cardie could scold him or me, I called out, "Guess who he is, if you can!"

Those two stood and looked at each other. Then Cardie shook his head. "Should I know you?" he asked.

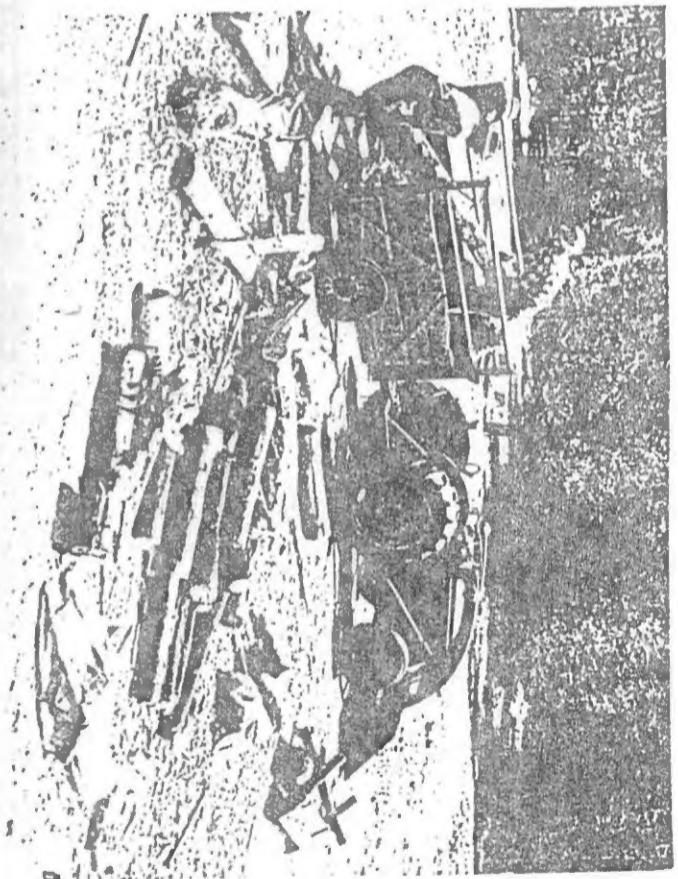
"Sure, Dad! You ought to know me!" Jerry shot back.

"Glory be! You're not Jerry, are you?" They hugged each other and went into a sort of bear-dance around the woodpile.

Jerry had arrived before any of his letters that he had mailed from Asia. Once his beard had been cut off and his face shaved, he looked like one of the two finest boys in this world and our whole family rejoiced over his safe return.

Cardie had bought a grey tractor to use on the farm and he had driven it up to the lakes. Jerry drove it around and found some men working on the campgrounds. They soon hired him and the tractor to help remove fallen trees and trash from the trails and campsites for the rest of the summer.

could hardly wait to show it to his father. It really
On the end of a very short handle a monstrous ax-head had
edge was thick and had apparently never been sharpened
le took one look at it and asked, "where'd you get that
anybody. Somebody must have left it behind when they
It's really heavy!" Jerry blurted out. "Do you think
for it?"
use at all!" Cardie answered.
cute—just feel how heavy it is! Maybe whoever owns it
he's lost it."



between two pickets on the fence, and turning out.
Well, one woman's junk can be another's joy!" I thought.

CARDIE & JERRY
UNLOADING TIMBER
FOR WOODPILE
BEHIND CABIN
(JOHN'S PHOTO)

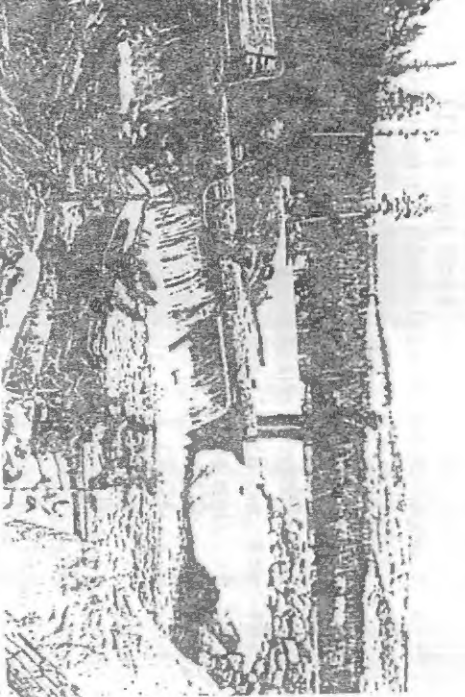
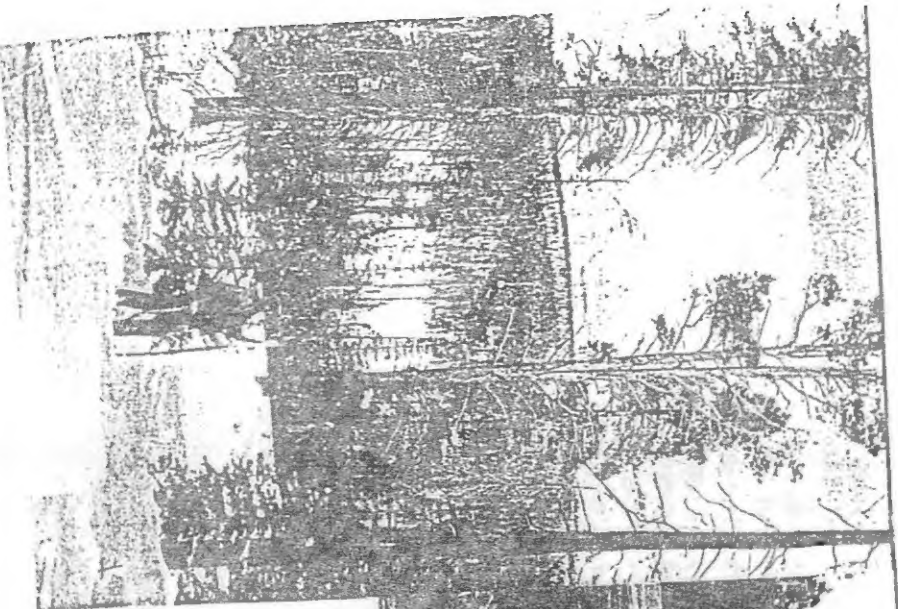
before the pipe went to the bottom with Helen valiantly clinging to its rope to prevent losing it. The rope was long enough to reach the bottom safely, but not the shore. Helen went into the water keeping hold of the rope until a make-shift buoy could be found to take over. We thought that if Helen returned it would be a sign of true love—which it was.

That fall, the huge pipes were dragged to Wall Lake. When it came time to insert them into the old pipes, no one wanted to go through the long, dark dam with a lead rope. Usually the family dog got that job, happily running through with a string tied to a rope tied to a chain. For lack of a dog, Carol, being the littlest, got the job. She was scared going through the dark, slimy pipe on her stomach, feeling dead fish along the way.

Other times the men had to carry cement and tools to the North Fork and work all day. When we had horses, it helped greatly. Jack was able to get his Bronco over there a couple of times, but it was rough going.

Lee Kay, our friend and Utah Fish and Game Warden, was the first man I know who got his jeep that far. He startled some fishermen on the Long Lake dam who could not imagine how he got there in the first place. In jest Lee asked them if he was on the right road to Duchesne. When the fishermen reported the incident to us they said, "Some darn fool had his jeep clear over there, headed west across the dam, wantin' to know if he was on the right road to Duchesne. There ain't no such thing as a road for miles around over there. Besides he was goin' the wrong direction. Such stupid people ought not to be allowed to drive them machines."

In the winter months Cardie made two or three trips up to measure the snow depth. For many years he walked on snowshoes from just above Kamas, taking several days to complete his surveys. Later the Utah State Agricultural College in Logan developed a huge snowmobile, and they took him along on it. Nowadays, it is easy and fun to zip up there on a little snowmobile in a day.



CARDIE, MAY 31, 1958

CARDIE MEASURING WINTER SNOW

pack. The other man had hurried on ahead to Stewart's ranch below Soapstone to get a horse. Cardie checked Ben, became alarmed, and sent his own partner to hurry up the horse. Meanwhile Cardie spent most of the day carrying Ben 100 yards or so, going back for the four packs, carrying them down to Ben, and repeating the process for six miles. Finally, after dark, the men arrived with a horse, and Cardie held Ben on it for another fifteen miles to the ranch. From there they borrowed a car and drove Ben to Francis. For some forgotten reason the road was severed, and Ben had to be transferred from Stewart's car to another that had come up from the Heber side. Ben was taken to the hospital in Provo where he died a few days later of pneumonia. That was undoubtedly the saddest and worst trip of Cardie's career. It is hard to lose a friend at any time, but under such helpless conditions where their heroic efforts to get aid in time were futile, it was doubly hard.

Years later the engineering department at Utah State University (Agricultural College then) under George D. Clyde, Utah's future governor, became interested in snow measuring and invited Cardie to accompany them on a newly-acquired snowmobile. It was a large cumbersome machine, but proved a big improvement over snowshoes. Cardie made several winter trips with them and the Division of Irrigation, Soil Conservation Service, Dept. of Agriculture. But in addition, he still made his own rounds on snowshoes until he was in his 70's, 1965. Recently the data has been gathered electronically, eliminating the necessity for men to go personally into the area--except perhaps to see if the reservoirs are filling properly.

With the development and promotion of small one-man snowmobiles, people can now cover the same ground in one day of fun that Cardie used to spend the better part of a week trudging over. The area is still relatively lonely and starkly beautiful with snow covering it and occasional wild animals scurrying into view as they try to survive its perils.

Summer or winter the Uinta Mountains offer magnificent beauty and peaceful solitude, especially to those able to get away from the main roads and trails. It is no wonder Cardie loved the country and devoted a large measure of his life to it.



Cardie's first trip to measure snow at head of Provo River, 1916.

GONE FISHING

BEHOLD THE FISHERMAN

He riseth up early in the morning
and disturbeth the whole household.
Mighty are his preparations; he goeth
forth full of hope;
When the day is far spent, he returneth,
smelling of strong drink,
And the truth is not in him.

—Anon.

This little poem, framed and presented to us by a Salt Lake banker, hung on the fireplace for fishermen and their families to chuckle over. All but the last two lines of its message could have been lifted from Cardie's routine; he always rose up early, disturbing the whole household with his mighty preparations. He had the horses rounded up after their night of freedom, saddled, and ready to go fishing by 6:30 or 7:00 most weekday mornings. The family preferred the weekdays; the hordes of weekenders had departed, and they could do as they wanted, which often included a fish-planting trip with Cardie.

As soon as the road had been constructed to Trial in 1926 so that a truck from the fish hatchery could reach us, Cardie had begun planting sixty-five lakes within a five-mile radius with brook, rainbow, cutthroat, and native trout and grayling. He could stock only two or perhaps three lakes a day because of the distance, rough terrain, and number of horses; so he needed most weekdays to accomplish his annual rounds.

He kept close account of the lakes planted, the dates, and type of fish. In order to identify the various lakes, he gave them names, which have become officially accepted. Clegg Lake, a small but beautiful crystal-clear gem at the western base of Bald Mountain was named for his father. Marjorie got the only reservoir named for our family because she was the first-born. Just up from Marjorie Lake on the North Fork of the Provo River is Lillian Lake (Pat's first name), full of fish and glistening in a beautiful meadow. Between the two lakes is Jack Lake, a large bathtub-shaped, pond. Jack is hidden in dense forest at the foot of a steep hill between Marjorie and Wier Lakes. Jerry Lake, located near Anchor Lake on the Weber River drainage, is quite a distance from Trial, but has excellent fishing since Cardie found and stocked it. Carol Lake is lovely, fairly large, but shallow, boasting a population of salamanders since fish winter-kill there. It is located at the base of Haystack Mountain, above Washington Lake and directly under a large snowbank that seldom melts. Other lakes were named for relatives and friends, such as Rhodes, Adix, Neil, Ramona, and Mona Rae. Being somewhat of a Biblical scholar, Cardie christened three closely-linked lakes Peter, James, and John. Two others he labeled Faith and Hope. So that the children could feel a part of the lake-naming, he let them name ponds after our dogs and horses. I am the only family member without a permanent landmark bearing my name, though I claim a share in Clegg Lake.